

The WISDOM of
boys and girls, is the time to have your
Fortunes told.

PRAY tell me my Fortune, good Mr.
Crop, says *Tim Prattle*. Your Fortune!
truly, your Fortune will be to be whip-
ped this afternoon. No, no, that will
be my misfortune; besides, I am sure
you don't know that, for I shall stay at
home, and not go to school. Very
well, Master *Prattle*, very well; but
you shall be whipped for all that, so get
you gone: and so it was; for though
Tim did not go to school, his father
flogged him for stealing some apples at
home.

I SHOULD

I SHOULD have told you more about
this famous *Crop the Conjuror*, if *Tim* had
not stopped me with his prattle; but now
having a little leisure, I will make you
all as wise as myself. He is grand-son
to old Nurse *Dandlem*, who used to cut
his hair close to his head all round; for



she would say, that thick long hair made
boys look like dunces. He had the ex-
traordinary method of telling what
B 2 would